Yeelde ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome pluck a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch,
Throw death vpon thy ſoueraignes enemies:
Mock not my ſenceles coniuration Lords,
This earth ſhal haue a feeling and theſe ſtones
Prooue armed ſouldiers ere her natiue King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.
Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpight of al,
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we wil not, heauens offer, we refuſe
The profered meanes of ſuccors and redreſſe.
Aum He meanes my Lord that we are too remiſſe
Whilſt Bullingbrooke through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.
King Diſcomfortable Cooſen, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnſeene,
In murthers and in outrage bloudy here,
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eaſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole
Then murthers, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloak of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues?
So when this thiefe, this traitour Bullingbrooke
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the eaſt
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not al the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annointed King,

The